

A Dialogue,

BETWEEN

The Dutchess of *Portsmouth*, and Ma-
dam *Gwin*, at parting.

8 March. 1683.

Gw.

It grieves my heart, and yet I can't but Smile
To see the Sovereign Planet of our Isle
Homewards with such a glittering Train Advance,
Who but an humble *Meteor* dropt from *France*.

Port.

Two such great Lights cannot together shine:
To give your Orb more Lustre I decline.

Gw.

You never suffer'd *Nell* to come in Play
Whilst you had left but one Meridian-Ray,
And yet by Turns I did my self that Right,
If you Enjoy'd the Day, I Rul'd the Night.

Port.

'Tis not to' advance your Interest I remove,
To sway the Throne as Sovereign Queen of Love,
The Brother-Stars Relieve Each others Reign
When I appear your Moon's Eclips'd again.

Gw.

Nay rather, let me like a snuff Expire,
Than be again blasted by thy French fire,
Go *Portsm.* keep to thy old Count *Vandome*,
It is *Nell's* Birth-right now to Reign at home.

Port.

What, tho I was his only Miss before
I was your Kings, you had a thousand more,
Who Fame Reports did Squeeze you o're and o're
Before you came to be a Royal-Whore.

Gw.

Let Fame that never yet Spoke well of Woman,
Give out I was a Stroling Whore, and Common,
Yet have I been to him since the first hour,
As Constant as the Needle to the flower;
Whilst you to your Eternal Praise and Fame
To Forreign Scents betray'd the Royal-Game:
Witness the *Prior* on your Bosom lay,
And in that posture did your Lust betray,
For which, now with a Pox you're sent away.

Port.

Part.

I'll find a way in Spight of Injur'd Fame
To make thy Race obscure as is thy Name,
Who like the Serpent made thy Lord to Sin
For a Dry Orange, or a Russetin
Which greedily the Monarch did Devour,
Tho it flourish'd fatal seeds within the Core.

Gw.

My Name thou *Jesabel* of Pride and Malice,
Whose Father had a *Hog-stay* for his Pallace,
In my clear Veins best *Brittish* Bloud does flow,
Whilst thou like a *French* Tode-stool first did grow,
And from a Birth as poor as thy Delight
Sprung up a Mushroom-Dutchess in a Night,
Nor did I ever with the Brats I bore,
The Royal Standard Steer in Monstruous gore,
Which makes thee fly to *France*, where thou must rot,
Or cure the Ulcers which the Bath cou'd not.

Port.

Think not i'th' Respite of this short Remove
To sit sole Empress on the Throne of Love.
I was thy Rival once, and will Return
To be thy Rival still, and thou my Scorn.

Gw.

Alike I value your Returne, or Stay.
Wisely, while the Sun shin'd, you made your Hay,
Was Dearly at the Kingdoms cost maintain'd,
Till you had every Vein and Sinue Drain'd;
And now so small a Portion does remain,
There's little fear you'l ere come here again.

Port.

Or if I stay it shall be at this Rate,
To leave thee to the Peoples Curse and Hate,
Who in my Absence will Revenge on thee
The Punishments their Rage design'd for me.
Farewel; yet, when I think the Joyes thou'lt feel
When I am gon, my Ghost will haunt thee still.

Gw.

The peoples Hate much less their Curse I fear
I do them Justice with less Sums a Year.
I neither run in Court nor Citys Score,
I pay my Debts, Distribute to the Poor.
Whilst thou with ill kept Treasure does Resort
To uphold thy splendor in the *Gallick* Court.
But *France* is for thy Lust too kind a Clime
In *Africk* with some Wolf or Tyger Lime:
Or in the *Indies* make a new Plantation
And Ease us of the Grievances of the Nation.

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